

And Now, This

by D. Calme

Category: X-Men

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-08-18 09:00:00

Updated: 1999-08-18 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 10:11:43

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,553

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: The X-Mansion has gone Mad!! Gambit, Gay? Scott, Cheating?  
Whats going on??

## 1. Default Chapter Title

Disclaimer: Not a single character in here is mine, all owned by those beautiful folk at Marvel. I don't make any money. The Fan Fic references used herein are also, not mine. This has sexual, sorta, conduct.

Thanks to all the authors who created the stories thrown into my Fan Fic broth. I really can't be specific because I don't remember even the titles of most I've used, but if your in here you'll know it. Thank you.

\_ "And Now, This" by D. Calme \_

It was a fair weather, enthusiastically bright day. One of those days when one could, conceivably, lie about in a field surrounded by wild flowers and dandy loins sprouts, searching through patches for four leaf clovers. If a casual observer came by and watched, they would wonder why one would lie about with fleas, ticks, and other nasty critters sucking at their blood, surrounded by weeds, while they got skin cancer, and all in the search for mutant plant life. That casual observer wouldn't be to romantic, would he.

Jean Grey, the mutant extraordinaire', stepped into the living room quarters of the Xavier mansion to find Gambit, the Cajun extraordinaire', in raptured by a print out sheet, which was, in her opinion, quite ordinary. He stood by the their new PC absolutely still, while she watched chewing on her cuticles, as it was her secret nervous habit. Finally, giving up the hope he might go through the trouble of telling her what was up, she walked over to him and glanced over his shoulder not really reading what she saw and said, "Looks pretty interesting, is it erotica? You know how much I enjoy erotica" While she may not have said exactly that, and may not really have that much of an obsession with the written words of pleasure,

you basically get the gist of it.

And to that he simply said, "I'm gay."

"What? I mean.... What?!"

"Gay... I'm a homosexual... I don't see how I missed it before, this silly accent, the funny way I walk.... Why I constantly watch Logan during his workouts..."

"Remy... when did you come to this revelation?"

"A minute ago...", said he. He looked up, as if startled. His red on black target eyes caught hers and held them, as if seeing her for the first time. "I think I love you, there!"

She blinked at him, stepping back pushing him away lightly. "I thought you just said you were gay..."

He shrugged, said "It was a phase, I'm over it now.. I want you.." and moved to kiss her, apparently forgetting she was not only married but destined to have children with the man she married. And of course she gave him that familiar, forceful slap he must have gotten a thousand times with his bad French accent and worse pickup lines.. She stormed out of the room, about to go into a search for her husband and heard gambit behind her... He was reading over that print paper, now muttering about some unprofessed love for Bobby Drake..

She rushed up the hall towards the danger room, hoping to find her husband there. Why she didn't just use her powers to locate him, is a reason so complex it could only be explained in a 10 page essay, written in Latin, and let's face it, none of us have time for that. So if plot holes bother you, best drop this story right now... That was your first and final warning.

She happened to bump into Rogue as she went, knocking a cell phone from her hand. "Ohh, I'm sorry Rogue.. Have you seen Scott? It's important"

"No, I haven't... But I had heard he's been spending a lot of time at the Massachusetts academy, giving some kind of tutoring to Penance.. That girl sure needs a lot of help, he's over there every night, it seems...", as she began to dial up on the aforementioned cell phone.

Jean shuddered, suddenly having the last piece to a puzzle that had been bothering her for days... The mysterious scars that "showed up" on Scott's penis.. "That rat bastard...", she thought, "That cradle robbing rat bastard... That scum sucking, cradle robbing rat bastard... That.." Well her chain of thought went on like this for some 5 more minutes, but for the sake of short attention spans, including my own, we'll skip it. Finally, she realized something was, quite simply, wrong. When something was wrong, they harassed the Professor until it was fixed. Gambit, Gay? Scott, cheating? And why did she have the strangest impulse to run off and marry Logan? Jean pushed her way past Rogue's enormous breasts and headed towards the kitchen... Why? Again, don't ask.

If Jean had stopped to ask Rogue where her accent had gone, she

wouldn't have gotten a very interesting answer, but she had no time to even notice Rogue's accent-deprived state, otherwise she'd have made the time to thank God. And, if she had any more spare moments, find a cure to Gambit's affliction.

She came into the kitchen, falling into a trot as she glanced at Jubilee... Why wasn't at the academy? That's right, don't ask. I think your starting to see the pattern here... The girl sat picking at a bowl of cereal in absolute misery. This wasn't your normal, "Why won't Everett just make out with me, hell I'd give him my virginity if he really wanted it", kind of misery.. No, this was something else. She stopped in her mad rush to see the wonderful Professor of X and went to place a hand on Jubilee's shoulder. She gave a half hearted "What's wrong, dear", hoping the teen would buy it. She did. "I've been having these dreams.. These twisted nightmares about.." She shook her head, unable to let it out. Well, it was obvious that the girl needed more than 2 minutes worth of counseling, in

## 2. Default Chapter Title

which time Jean might never get to the Professor. Some super villain could show up at any time to steal their "Lucky Charms" or something. So, she opted to drop some half-arsed advice and run like hell. "Honey, dreams aren't real, dreams are dreams which is why they are called dreams and often those dreams are good so you should go up stair and cry yourself to sleep..."

"It was about Logan.. I don't know, maybe this has something to do with all the attention kitty's been getting and-"

Jean ran like hell. She didn't get more than 5 paces before the phone rang. Jubilee, in her current state, would either, A) not even bother to answer the phone or B) Pick up the phone, blather on about how bad she feels and depress whoever on the line, adding depression to the long list of silly things humans can blame on mutants. Jean picked up the phone. "Hello?"

"Hello Madame... Is your", a fit snickering which Jean patiently waited out, "Is your refrigerator running?"

Jean sighed, not bothering to check, and just said yes.

"Then would it not be prudent to go catch it?" followed by the obnoxious sound of the dial tone. She gave a long, time consuming blink and set down the phone.

Jean rushed on, not bothering to look behind her at Jubilee, she just assumed the girl was face down in her cereal, whimpering or something. She was Logan coming up the hall and ducked into a room, waiting him out. Last thing she need now was the half-mad, occasionally feral, object of her current marital fantasies acting anything but normal. The owner of that room lie in bed, body half covered in silk sheets.. That owner had sweat pearling on their smooth ebon skin, their chest rising and falling rhythmically. That owner was Ororo Monroe, Storm, a gorgeous Nubian woman who was once worshipped as Goddess. And now, that owner had a faint nine inch trace in the silk near on lap, and a bra holding hugging on two very male breasts, otherwise known as pectoral muscles. This story will record that Jean tasted her lips and let a hand fall just above her

breast before falling down to caress herself as her eyes lingered longingly on that nine inch shape while Storm shifted beneath the covers, letting that thin silk fall away, but in all fairness that probably didn't happen. She gasped and slipped out of the room, sure that Logan was away.

Finally, she came to the Professor's door, almost expecting to see a little man stick his head out and ask if she had an appointment. Jean slowly reached for the doorknob, and gripped it lightly with soft maidenly hands complete with perfectly manicured nails, unfitting for a woman who saves the world almost twice a week, not including weekend crossover. Letting her delicate wrist turn just so, she watched in awe as the door creaked open to reveal another interesting situation for the readers enjoyment.

But first, let's take this time to dwell on the fact that the writer of this story is, quite proudly, ADD positive. Attention Deficit Disorder, A.K.A the greatest excuse on God's green earth, is a hyperactivity problem which leads to very short attention spans. Whether it's a real disorder, or some media enduced BS is anyone's guess..

For the author, the disorder isn't a bad thing. On the contrary it gives the sort of unique ability to lapse into acid rivaling fantasies, keep track of two separate conversations, and complete at least one level in "Tomb Raider" 1 or 2. The same feat for part 3 would be pretty much impossible. The key is not paying attention to any of those things very long. Just pick up a tidbit of conversation here and there, make Lara kill that tiger then leap up and hang on a ledge for a moment while Tyra Banks announces your wedding in the middle of your Nobel prize acceptance speech. Oh yeah, and she'll also say that your the greatest lover n the face of the planet. What does all that have to do with the story? Well, it does sort of explain why Jean stops for so many interruptions. And if that's not good enough, the last two paragraphs should explain itself. Uhh..

Anyway.

Jean pushed open the door and stepped into his dim atmosphere. The Professor turned about to face her, his dim silhouette was bent in the most curious gesture. His pinkie finger was touching the very edge of his barely pursed lips, a single eyebrow made it's trek up the mountain that was his shiny bald head. But that wasn't the strangest sight. Off to his right, posing in perfect synchronisity ( or some such word ), was what looked to be a clear shaven cabbage patch doll complete with remote control hover chair ( TM ).

"Hello, Miss Grey... I am pleased to see you. I wanted to share with you and Scott, my newest plan for world Dom-er,.. Peace. It involves a space craft which will use what I call "Warp speed'" he emphasized with two quotation marks," To bring back Shi'ar technology... With this technology we can have "Star Wars" or perhaps a "Star Trek" and bring humanity to it's knees!! With.. love, and thanks of course.. On their knees, you see. Crying with joy..."

That was about all she needed... Jean ran out the room, slamming the door behind, and, conveniently, bumped into the ever furry Hank McCoy. Fresh in from a stint with the Avengers, she told him the story of all the strangeness running wild in the normally calm

X-mansion. After she was done, he gave the obligatory "Oh my stars and garters" and called together a meeting, like those often used in TV sitcoms which often lead to mushiness and other sickening affairs. This one won't go that route.

After conferring Jean learned of more strangeness with the X-men.. Archangel, and his brief love affair with Scott, Jubilee's epic battle against a space armada, and breast cancer, and things so strange about Hank and Gambit that we won't even go into them. Skipping their sorted stories, she also learned they all had one huge thing in common. The New PC. Hank had brought the PC second-hand from Dr. Strange who, since he has mystic powers beyond our reckoning, only used it for Wiccan Chat rooms. After figuring out that any true magician, witch, warlock, or "Psychic Friend" could just send out mental messaging allot faster than an Email, he sold the comp and bought a pyramid hat.

"Gambit, what were you reading when you told me you were gay?"

"A FanFic."

She stared at him a moment. A moment longer. Since it seemed he wasn't going to get the hint, she asked. "What's a FanFic?"

"A Fictional story made up by fans... Fan.. Fiction.. Fan Fic, chere. I was reading one about.. about me. Me having an affair with Bobby..."

Hank and she exchanged glances... "Have all of you been reading these 'Fan Fics?' Survey says, Yep... They all nodded, glancing from one to the other. There was a general outburst of chattering, question asking, and at least three conversations totally off subject, before Hank called them to order. "I have it! I have the answer." Everyone leaned forward in their seats. Storm's robe fell open a bit to reveal his muscular chest, stealing away Gambit's attention. Save Gambit, he had their rapt attention. "We read the fics... backwards." and with that he leaned back in his chair, hands slipping behind his head as he gave them a satisfied grin. They all stared at him, this furry genius coming up with a plan so obviously stupid, Jubilee couldn't sell it to Artie and Leech with a Lolli-pop bonus.

"What? You'll take a plan where Kitty suddenly learns Skull, puts you into hypersleep and flies you home to end up on Earth three weeks before you left, but reading a magic page backwards is somehow hard to swallow?"

Long story short, they read the Fan Fics backwards, Jubilee lost he nightmares, breast cancer and a cool alien laser weapon, Angel forgot his male affairs and went back to the very masculine Betsy Broddock, Remy went back to drooling over de' fems, Ororo went back to being a fem, and lots of other things went back to the way they should've been. What these battliers of Aliens, Cyborgs, and Tele Tubbies like to call normal. Everything except for Scott. He never did come back, and is said to be starting a family, quite painstakingly, with young Penance in Kentucky, where marrying a girl who is really a pair pre-pubescent twins isn't so strange. Jean has taken up writing, and has begun he first novel length work. A Fan Fic on the surprise sex-change of Scott Summers and the silliness that insued. She wrote it on Dr. Strange's Packard.

End  
file.